

MARVEL
PSR 32

WINICK

CALAFIORE

MCKENNA

EXILES™



**AVENGERS
FOREVER™**

2 OF 2

Liam Sharp 2003

SAN FRANCISCO

Surprised, Rankin?!

Decapitation can't destroy me! Or fire! Or sunlight! Or a stake through my heart!

I'M INDESTRUCTIBLE!

There are very few sights that can surprise Mimic.

Seeing Captain America as a vampire is definitely one of them.



Not to mention witnessing him *re-attach* his recently severed head.



Eh--? What *idiotcy* is this?!

CRACK CRA
CAK CAK!



This is *Sasquatch*, Captain.

After kicking the butts of *several* of your Avengers...

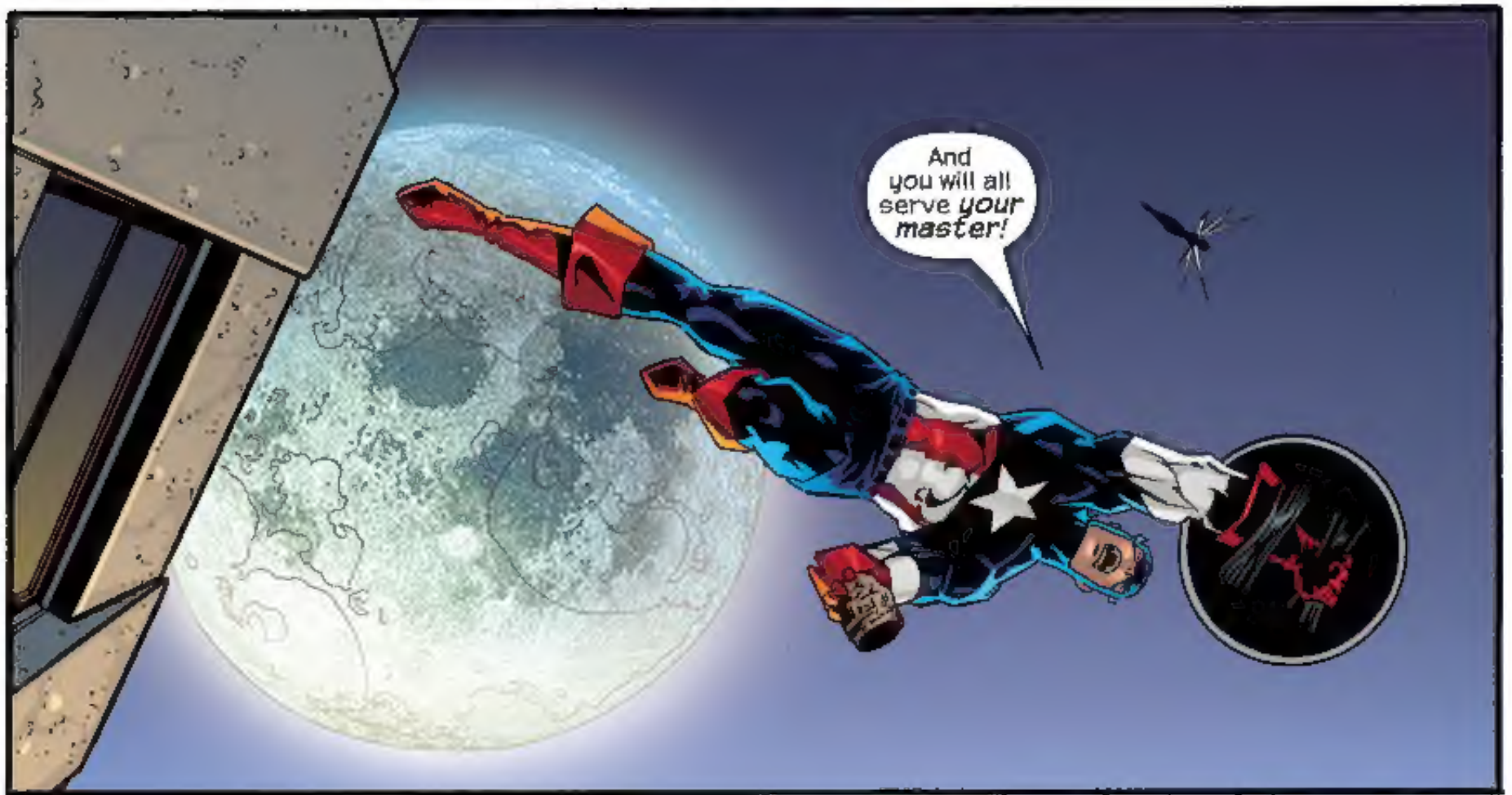




I shall drink from your skulls.



But not tonight. This isn't over.
After the enchantment is complete, this city will be mine!



And you will all serve your master!



My, my...he's certainly gotten into the spirit of this Vampire King thing, hasn't he?

He's always been strong-willed, Illyana. I suppose he still is, just with a slightly...different agenda.

"A slightly different agenda"? You're big on understatements aren't you, Calvin?

Hey, Cal! Hurry, boss! Hurry!



Hawkeye just *bit* Sunfire! I think she's in *shock*!

I don't know if it's shock, Morph-- she got bitten by a *@@@%* vampire! I don't know *what's* happening to her!



Keep *pressure* on the wound, TJ!

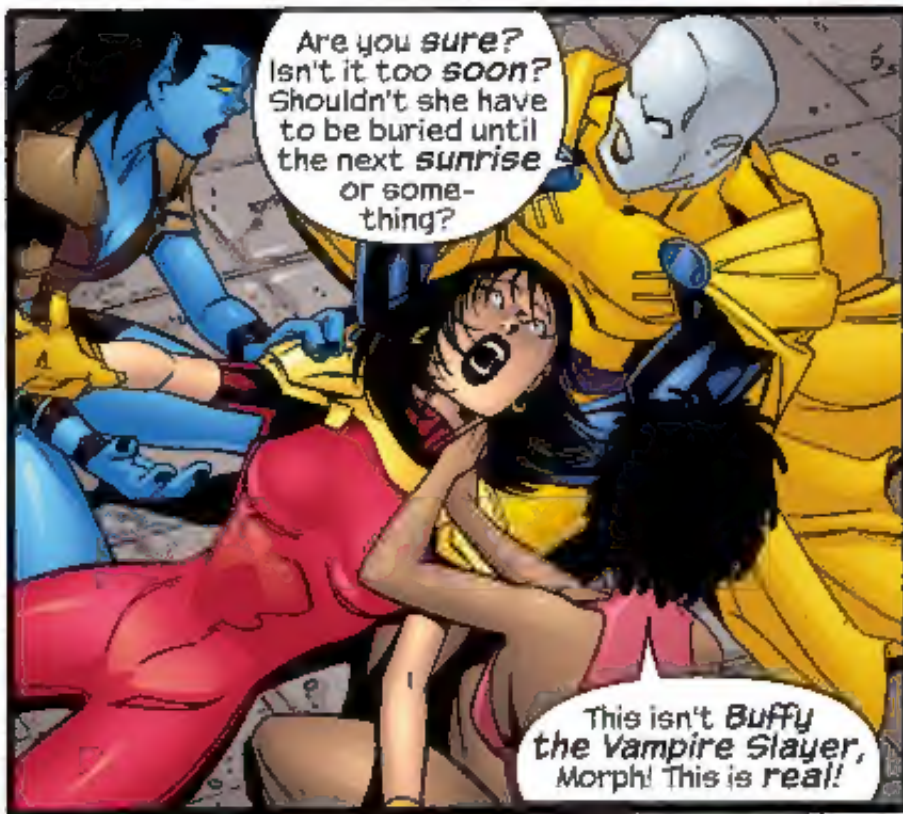
Let's get her to a hospital.

Wait--we can't risk that much *exposure*. Let's try and contact the *X-Men* or someone--



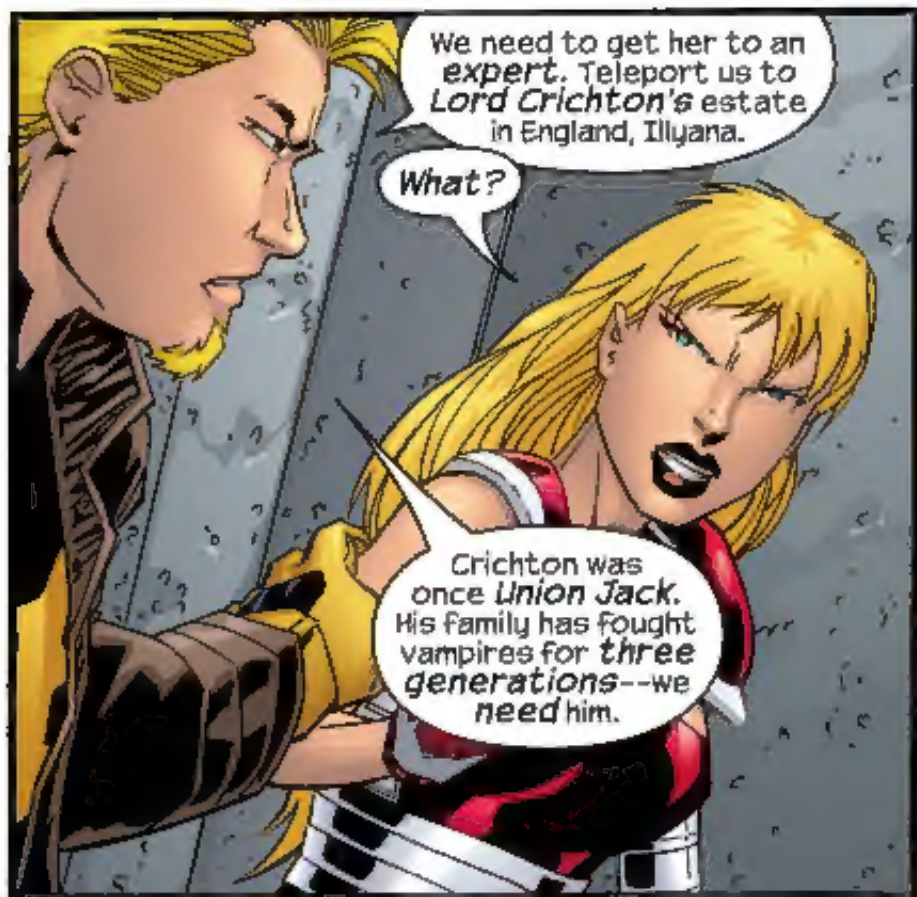
Luhhhh...

Oh God--Mimic, she's changing into a vampire already!



Are you sure? Isn't it too *soon*? Shouldn't she have to be buried until the next *sunrise* or something?

This isn't *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, Morph! This is *real*!



We need to get her to an *expert*. Teleport us to *Lord Crichton's* estate in England, Ilyana.

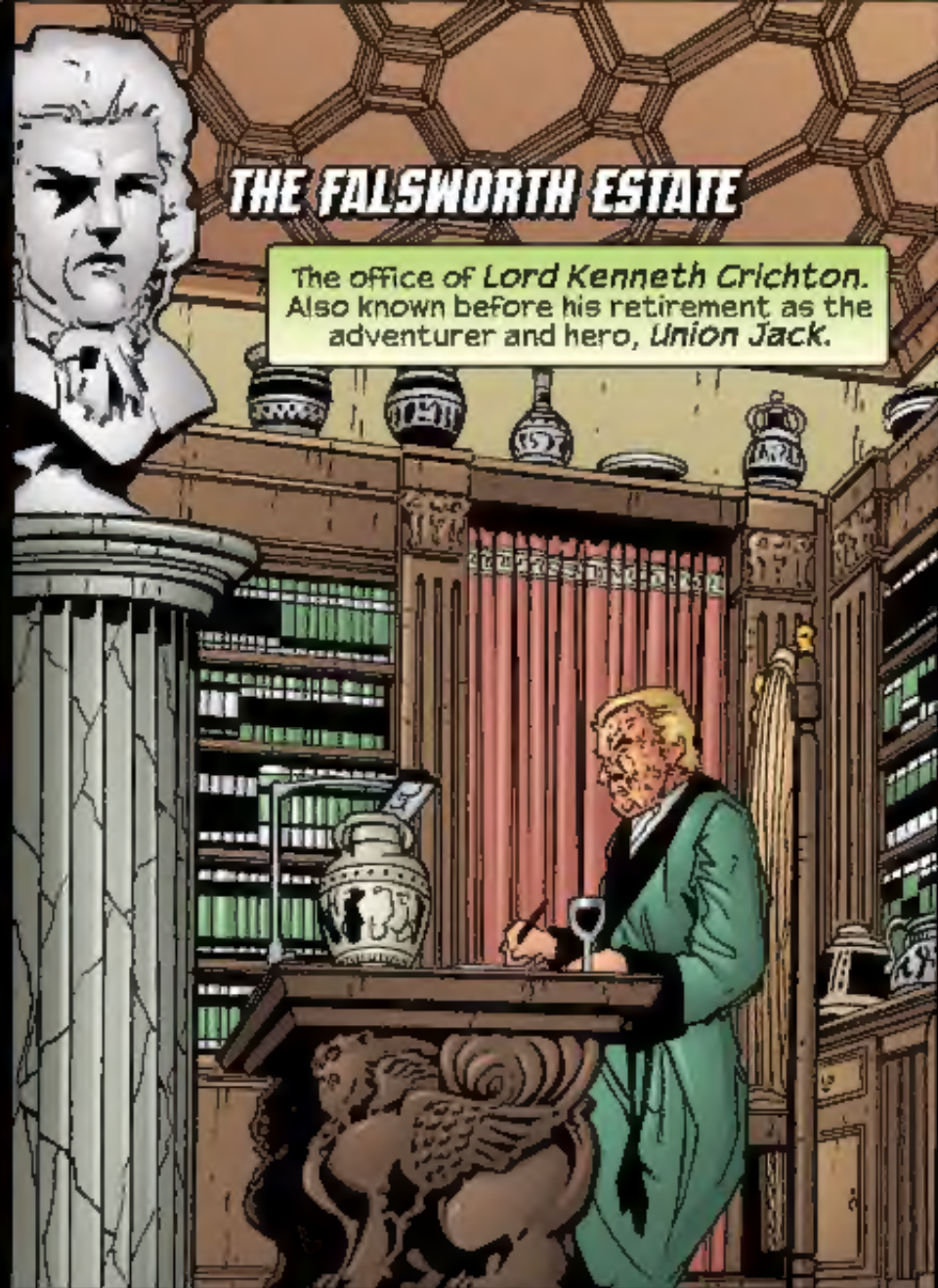
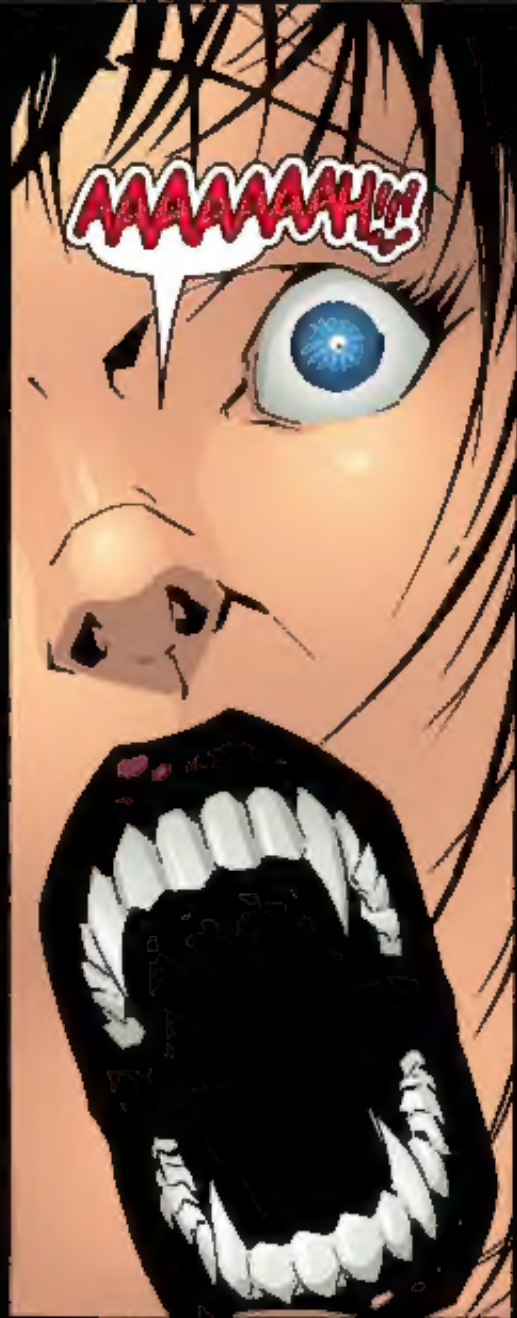
What?

Crichton was once *Union Jack*. His family has fought vampires for *three generations*--we need him.



I understand that, but--all the way to *England*? I can't teleport us all *that* far!

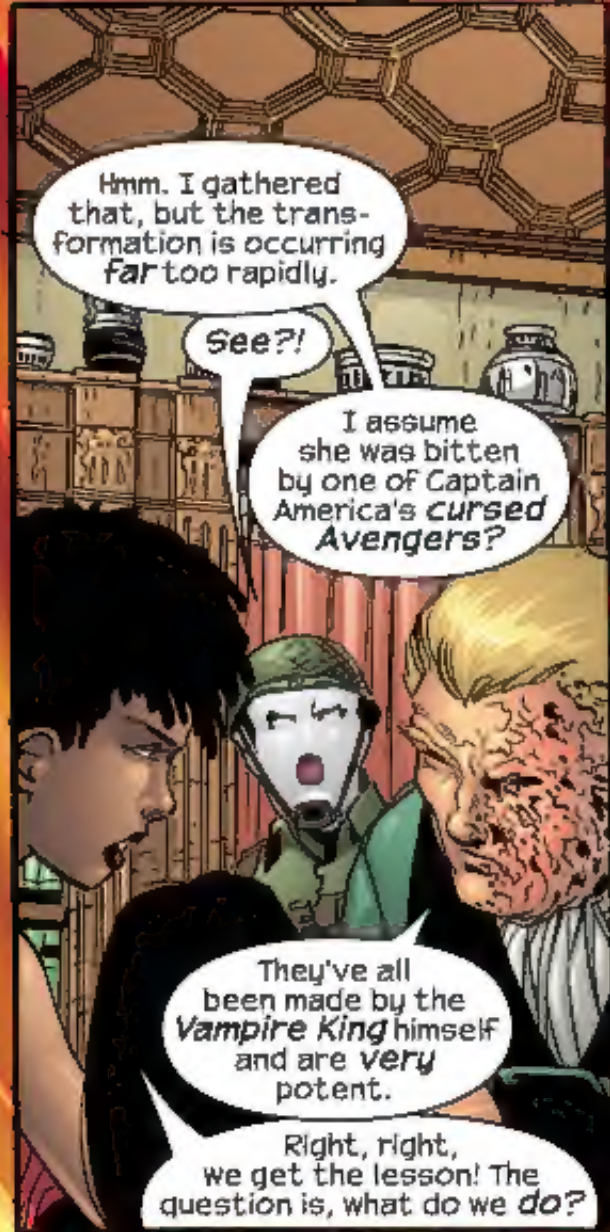
Just *normal* teleportation robs me of my strength! I'll be nearly *defenseless* if anything should--



THE FALSWORTH ESTATE

The office of Lord Kenneth Crichton. Also known before his retirement as the adventurer and hero, *Union Jack*.





Hmm. I gathered that, but the transformation is occurring far too rapidly.

See?!

I assume she was bitten by one of Captain America's cursed Avengers?

They've all been made by the Vampire King himself and are very potent.

Right, right, we get the lesson! The question is, what do we do?



Quickly-- stake her through the heart before the beast takes her over!



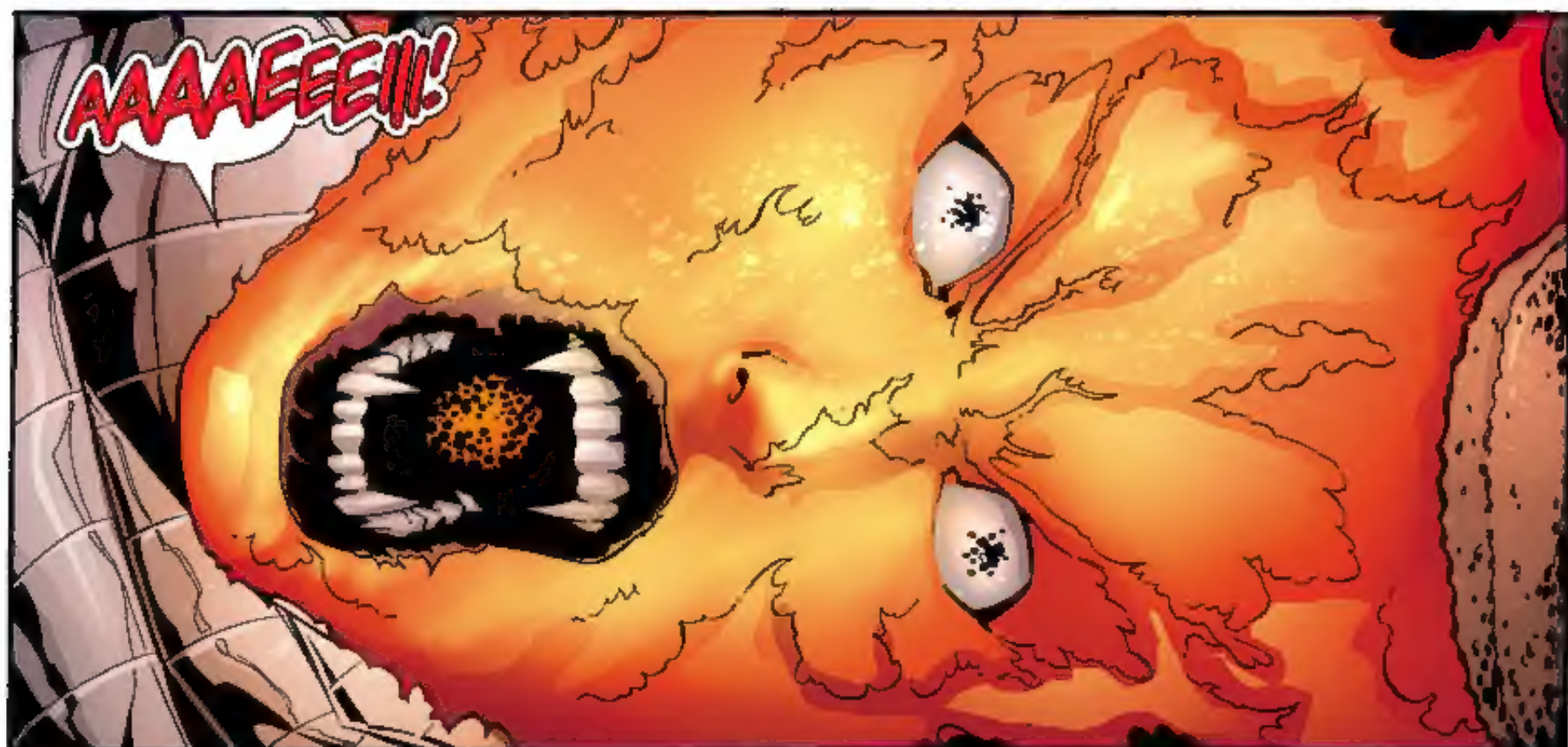
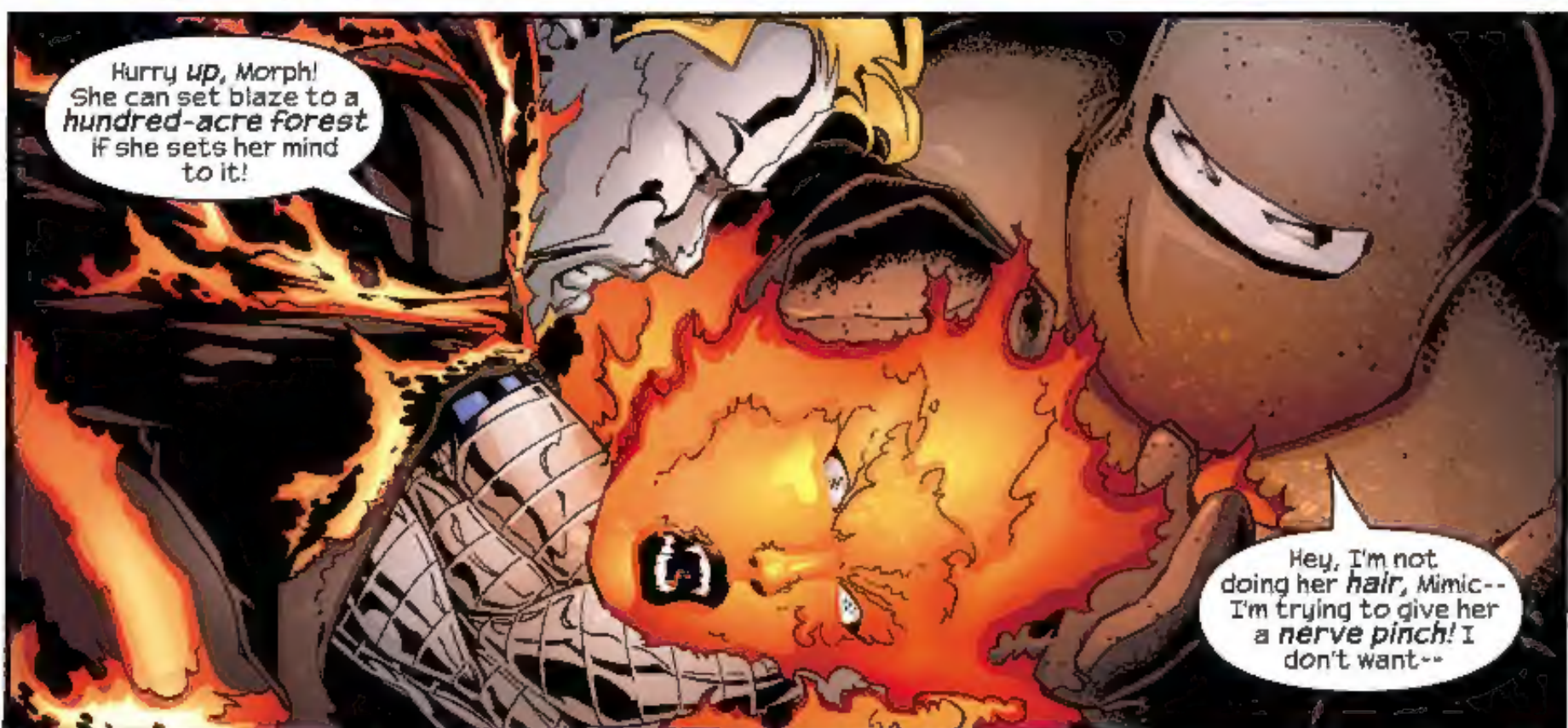
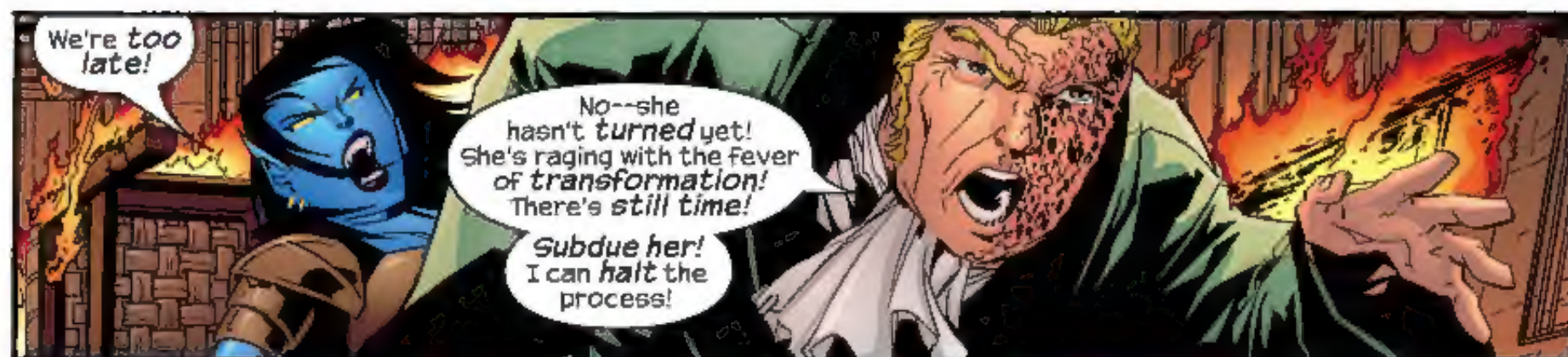
Okay--y'see, the thing is--we don't want to kill our teammate.

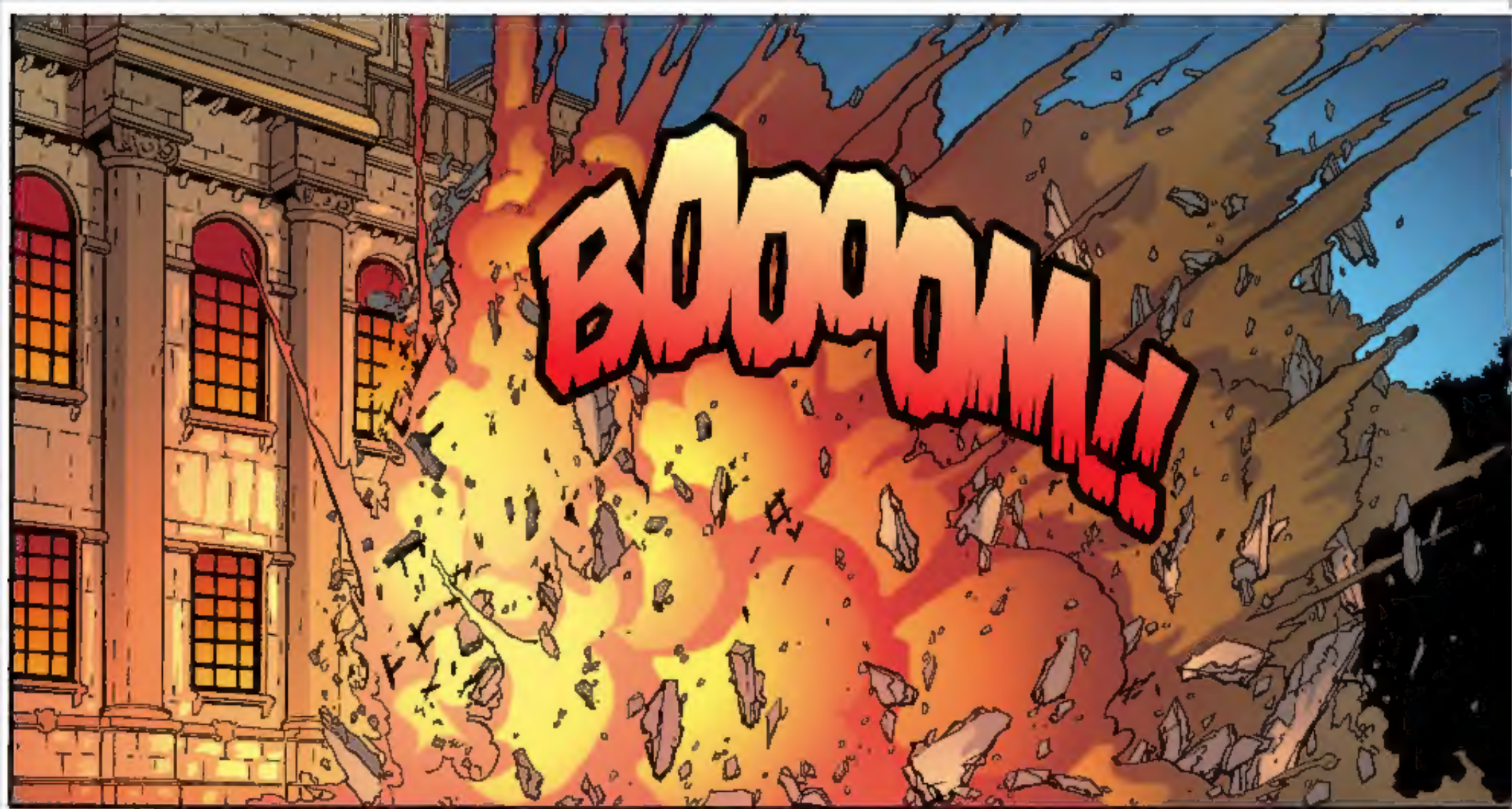
Calvin, see if Mariko's oka--



AAAAARRGH!

BROODOWR





LATER...

I've administered several anti-toxins that will *slow* the process of Mariko's full immersion into the *Nosferatu*.

The *Amulet of Quiox* will also temper its strength.

Unfortunately, the only way to *ensure* that she doesn't become a vampire is to sever the *bloodline* of her maker.

You must *kill* Captain America...but this appears to be *impossible*.

Why?

Because from what you have told me, he has already begun the *Macodibe Enchantment*.

Not only will it *enslave* the entire city of San Francisco, but it will render him nearly *invincible*, as well.

Nearly?

Yes, nearly. He can only be struck down by one *rare* item--the *Soul Sword of Bata's Circle*.

But unfortunately, there are *very* few of them in existence, and they can only be found in the *deepest* reaches of Hades. I don't--

You mean one of *these*?

This pig-sticker of mine is one of them... *right*?

...

Yes. That
would be one
of them

Very good.
I'll don my costume
once again

To San
Francisco
we go.

THREE HOURS LATER...

Golden Park,
San Francisco.

The site of the de-consecrated
tombs of the *High Lord Kolock*.

Speak to me,
O great ones
here on the bones
of your departed
servant...

.. bestow
upon me--your
faithful disciple--
the power of the
mighty ones who
came before
us.

Lend me
your great gift!
Let me rule over
them all!



Let me--the unchallenged
champ on of the *Walkers of
the Damned*--let me rule
over them *all*...

Give to
me what is
mine!

COOM!

COOM!

COOM!

"Make them *bend* to my
Will! Let them heed my
every *command!*"

Give me
my *army* and let
them know their
master!

Hey, if I
take this away,
will you please
shut up?



if that was the enchantment, then these old dark-god types could use a good copy editor.

But if you were just spit-balling that garbage, Cap, then you've got to get over yourself

NO! You will not rob me of this, mutant!



No--she won't.

WHUMP

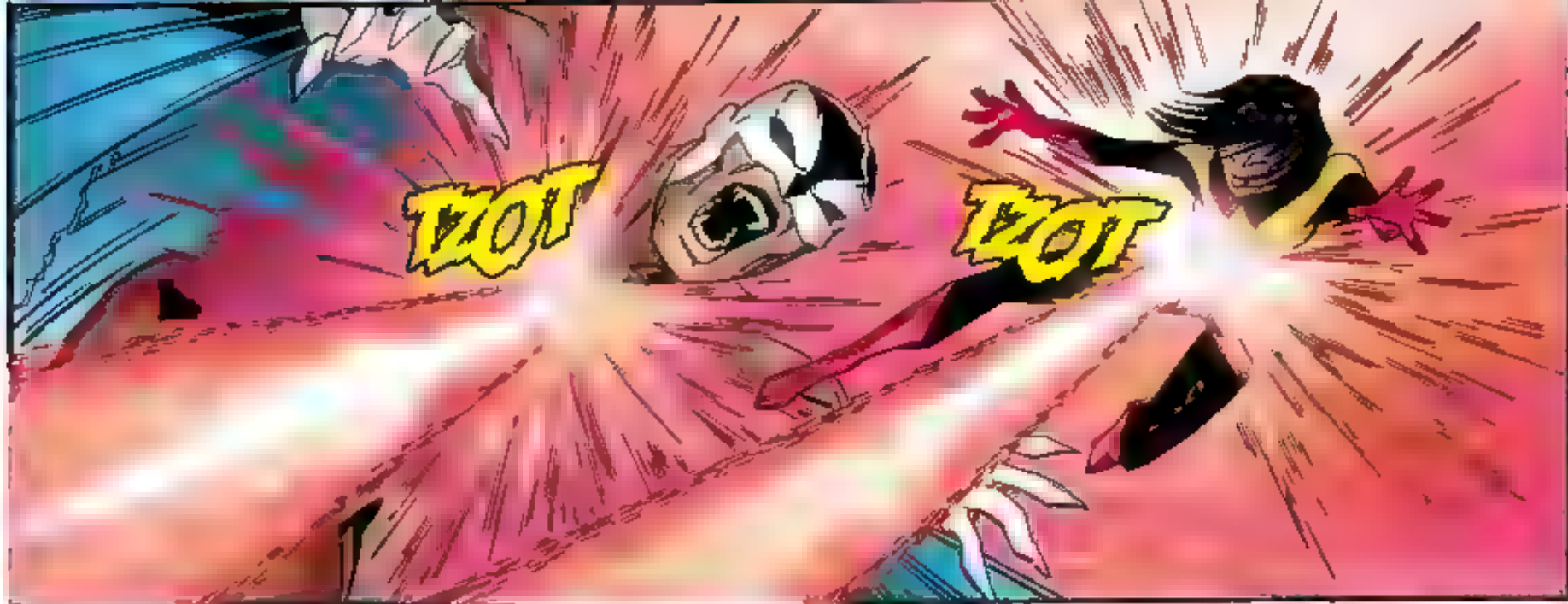
Union Jack? Crichton?!

But I will.

Indeed, Rogers. It seems that your day of reckoning has arrived.



Stop them! The enchantment wasn't completed. We won't get another chance at this for a century!



A whole century? Sucks for you, huh? I get antsy between *Star Wars* sequels!

Sasquatch-- could you keep an eye on Sunfire while we beat the living hell out of these osers?

Yeah, I got her, Mimic. Go have fun.

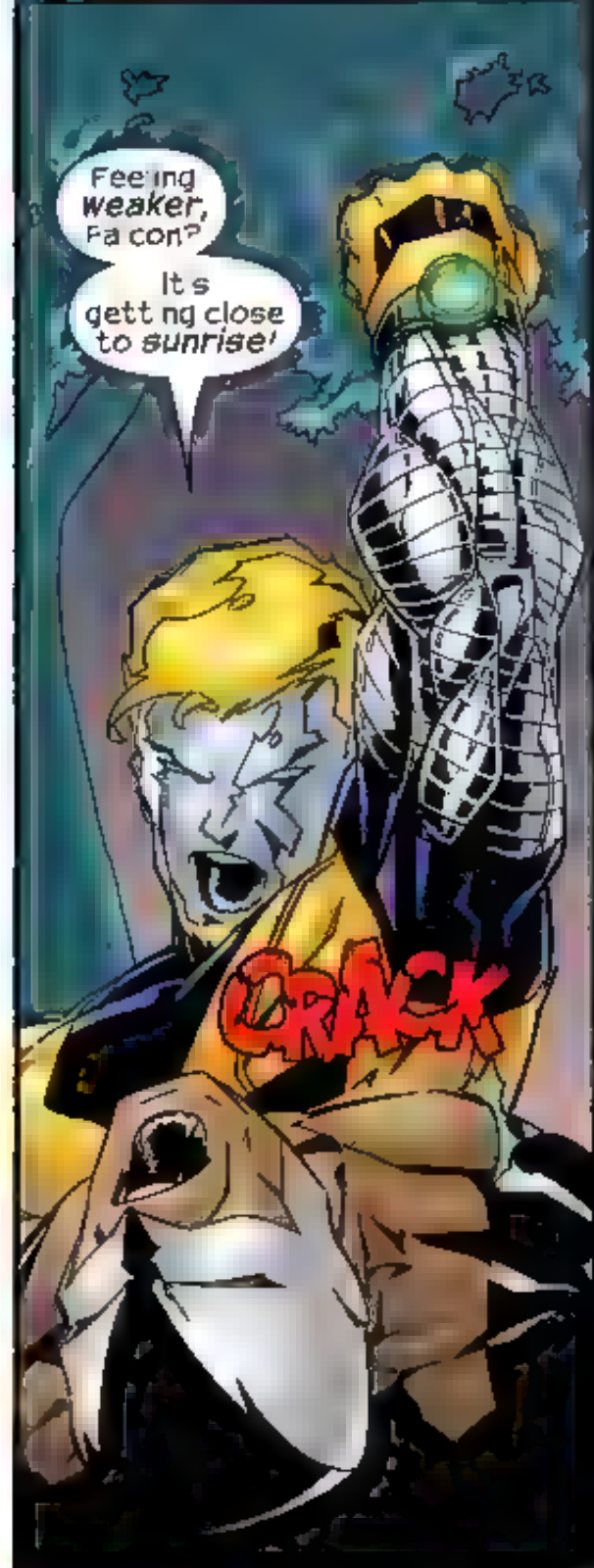


You should have *never* come back, Crichton! You should have stayed in your dark little cave and licked your wounds!

You will regret ever daring to face me!

Hardly, Captain! Despite appearances, I have *always* had the upper hand! For I possess one character trait you so desperately lack--

--patience!



Feeling weaker, Fa con?

It's getting close to sunrise!

CRACK



Oh, that and maybe the fact that Sasquatch pounded on him yesterday like she was tenderizing cutlets!

And speaking of pulverizing--



--thank you, my blue tuckussed, liebchen!

Not a problem, Morphe

BLAM!



I'll kill you this time, Crichton! I only let you live last time out of loyalty!

CHOK!



Liar! You let me live to suffer in humiliation!

CLANG!

You've never
been anything
but bull-headed!
Greedy!

I have waited
for this moment
for years!

Look
at me now,
Captain!



Feel
it now

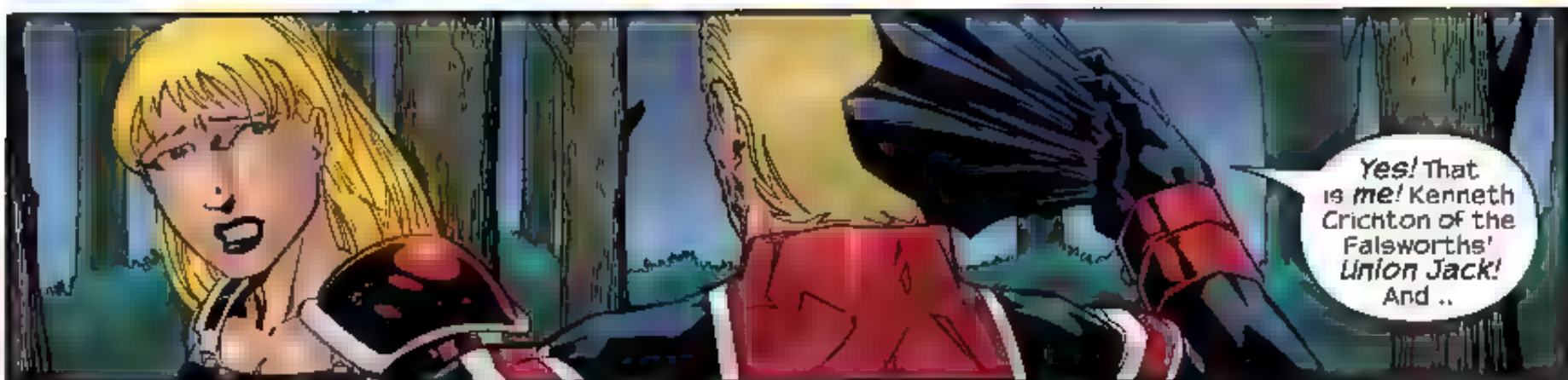
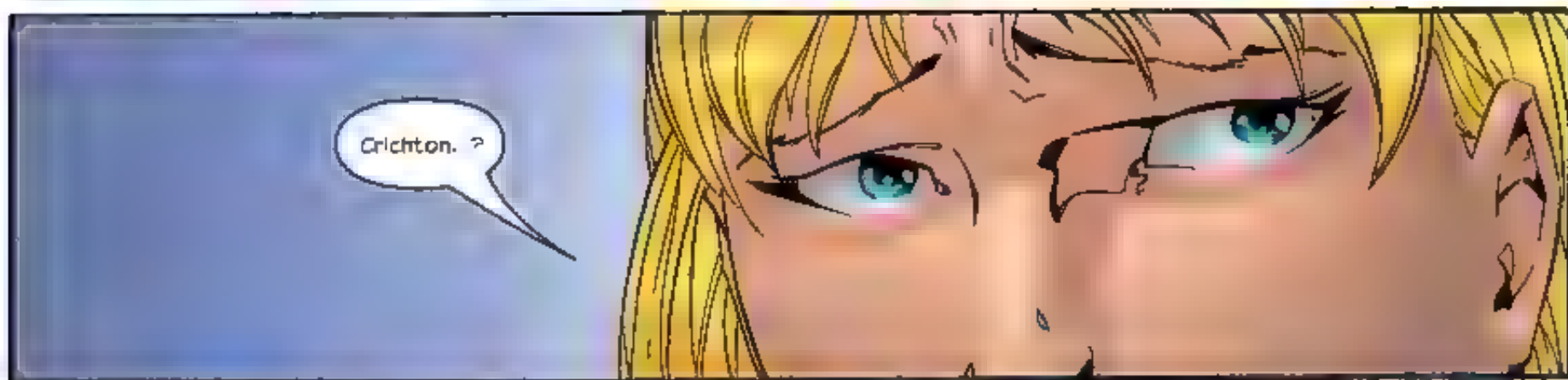
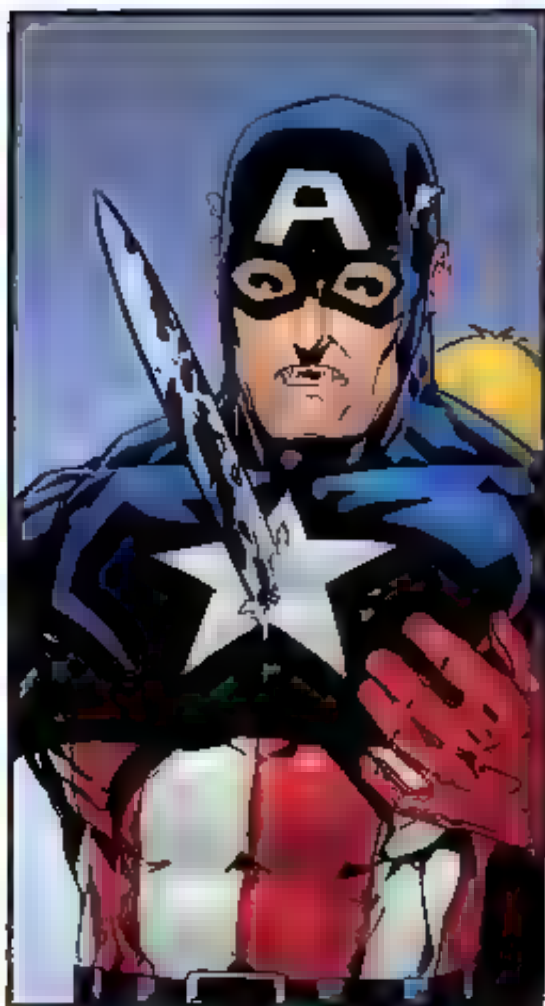
CRACK!



For
this is the
moment -

BAM!







...The
**VAMPIRE
KING!!**



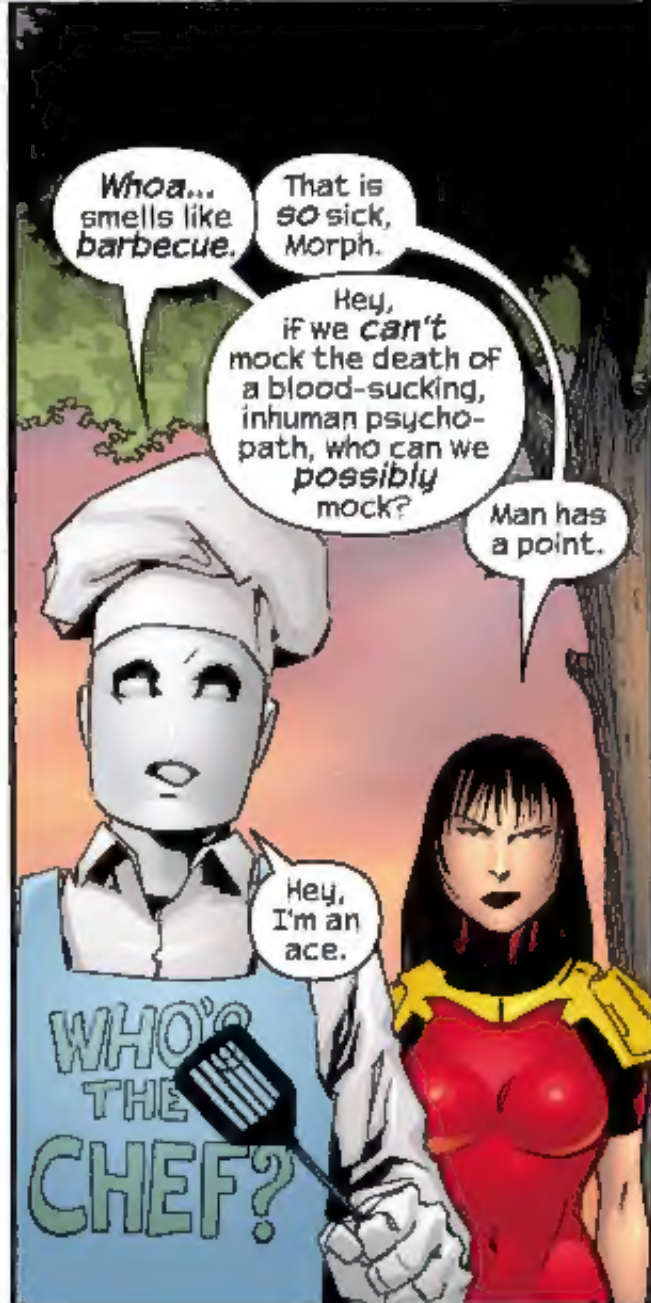
I was the
rightful heir after
my Great-uncle
**John Baron
Blood!**

Rogers
had stolen my
sovereignty! But
thanks to all of
you--I have
reclaimed
it!



And I can
think of no greater
way of repaying you
than by bringing you
into the fold!



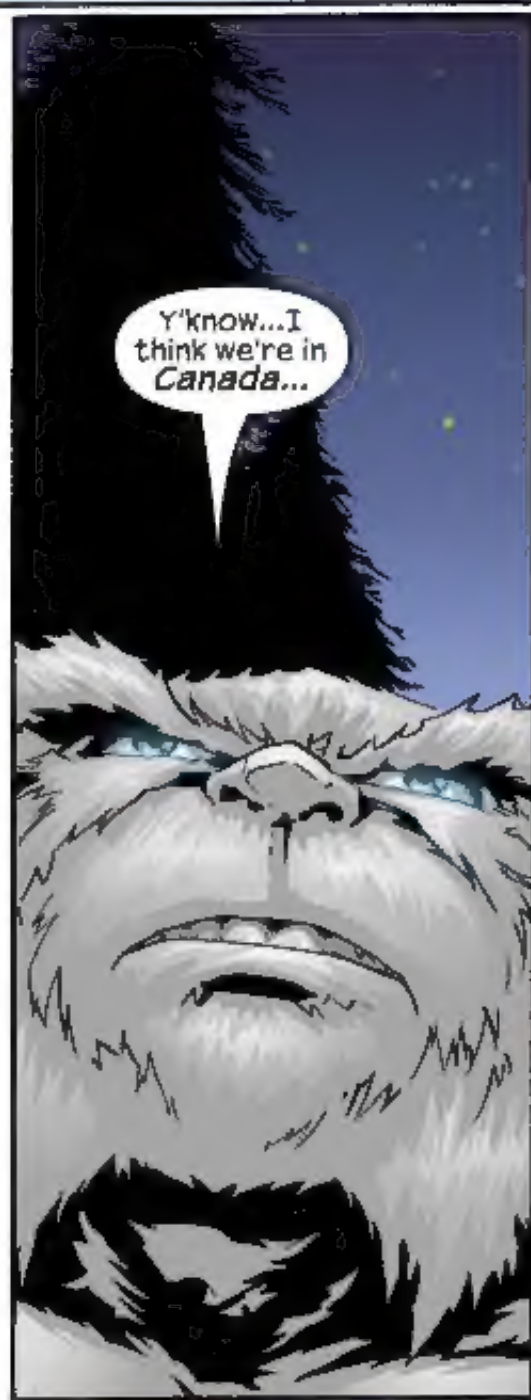




HELLLOO!
Hey, gang!
HEY!

You can yell
all you like, Morph.
They aren't around.
It's just *you* and
me.

Crap. The last time this
happened we landed in the
Mojoverse. I hope the Timebroker
hurries the hell up this time before
I have to do some cheeseball
television show again...



Y'know...I
think we're in
Canada...



Great. We've
been derailed without
the Tallus, separated from
the team, and we're stuck in an
alternate reality--in *Canada*.

Maybe
we can go visit that
giant mall you guys have.



I think we're *real*
far North.

Again...I
am *so* pleased.
At the moment,
I can't imagine
how this can
get worse.



ROOOOOOWWWRR!



Well...
I guess
I had *that*
coming.

Oh,
no...



It's
WOLVERINE!

Y'think he's
friendly?

Sure. He's
naked, drooling
and screaming. He's
probably going to
invite us out for
Chinese food.

**TO BE
CONTINUED!**